Numb. 11

The Engliſh LUCIAN:

OR,

Weekly Diſcoveries

OF THE

Witty Intrigues, Comical Paſſages, and Remarkable Tranſactions in *Town* and *Country*: Being Reflections on the *Vices* and *Vanities* of the *Times*.

From Monday *March* the 14th, to the Monday Following.

Stocks-Market, March 14th.

NEar this place there is a Monſter-ſhop, where every thing that is ugly, or ſtrange, proves a very vendible commodity: They ſell you Animals by Retail, and you may have Three Penny-worth of as large a Gallimaufry of *Clean* and *Unclean* as ever was Penn'd together ſince *Noah*'s Ark; Firſt you are accomodated with the Sight of ſeveral Monſtrous *Engliſh animals*, Neatly refin'd by the winning Characters of *Natural Rarities* from the *Eaſt* and *Weſt-Indies*; there is an admirable *Sun-fiſh*, or an *Engliſh Ray*, to deceive the Vulgar, pretended to be brought from *Inſulæ non inventæ*; a Live *Hedge-hog*, caught on the Foreſt of *Delamere*, but by a cunning covetous Man ſent to London as a *Porcupine*; an *Indian* Star in the form of a *Turkiſh Half-moon*; A *Cow-fiſh* Spawn'd on *Dunſmore Heath*; A *Bird* of *Paradice* Hatch'd in Charter-Houſe Garden; An *Amphisbæna*, or two Headed female Serpent, *alais* a late *Salisbury* Court Miſs, whoſe *Malice* poyſons, and *Love* ſtings; A *King-Crab*, or the famous Turn-coat Aſtrologer, *G--* A *pelican*, or the Ghoſt of the late defunct *Muggleton*, Caught in the Air, before it could find the way to the Kingdom of Darkneſs; a Cuckolds Horn, artificially beat into the Shape of a Unicorn's; Mother *Shipton*'s *Divining Glaſs*; and *Oliver Cromwell*'s *Ruby Noſe*; Many *Putrefactions*; & ſome *Roman Urnes* made by an Ingenious Stone Cutter in St. *James*'s: All Superexcellent Inventions to pick up fools Pence.

Long-Lane, Mar. 15. A Journeyman *Limbtrimmer* of this Place, by ſome diſaſter or other, was forc'd to repair to a Dark-houſe near *Billinſgate* in hopes of finding a low priz'd Cabbin in the common Lodge; but the Night being far ſpent, and the Mobility all retir'd, *Cabbage-Paunch* could meet with no Cheaper a Couch than at the dear price of Twelve pence, (above three parts of his Days Lawful Earnings) which put his Taylor-ſhip for ſometime into a mighty Confuſion; however recollecting his natural Deficiency, and well weighing his *Pigmy-ſtrength* to engage the *Gigantick Night* Guards, he fully reſolv'd to gratify his *drowſy Pate*, tho' he diſoblig'd his *Craving Stomach* which at that time, by his wiſhful Looks, was as Sharp as the thin end of a Penny-worth of Cheeſe, accordingly he throws down his Shilling, and up ſtarts the officious Maid to Light Mr. *Cowcomber* to Bed: Having brought him to his Room, with *a Hearty Good-night*, ſhe left him to unrigg himſelf, which was quickly done; for being in his working Apparel, he was not over thick clad; now, juſt as he was ſtepping into Bed, he ſpies the Beauty of *Clean white Linnen* by the deformity of his own *Dirty Black Shirt*, which made his Fingers ſo Itch, that before he could compoſe himſelf to ſleep, out comes the little *Snippers*, and Croſs-Legg'd he ſits in the middle of the Bed for want of another Table, the *upper Holland Sheet* muſt and ſhould make him a *Long Night-Robe*, down to the very Toes, an Excellent *Shift* indeed; this was no ſooner ſhap'd, but it came ſtrongly into his mind, that the *under Sheet* would bear a bad Symmetry to the *upper*, and therefore to deal equally and Impartially, he fram'd this to the Proportion of the other; his Nimble fingers afterward (at leaſt) joyning one of them together; for fearing leſt the Maid in the Morning ſhould think the Rats had gnaw'd the Sheet he left his foul Shirt, by the Help of it's Ten Thouſand Supporters, Creeping up and down the Floor, a Sight ſo aſtoniſhing, that next day, when the Maid came to make the Bed, for very haſt to get down, ſhe made but one ſtep from the top to the bottom of the Stairs, and in her fall received ſo many bruiſes, that 'tis fear'd ſhe'll ne'er be good after it. But to compleat the whole, and to prevent further Miſchife, ſo Politick was our Ingenious *Veſt-Maker*, that he ſtich'd a Card on the Back of his rejected Linnen with this Inſcription, **Change is no Robbery.**

High-gate, March 16. A profound Student of the Philoſopher's Stone, near this place, Conjuring up the Spirit of his Grandſire to know the event of ſo Ponderous a Buſineſs, received this Anſwer, *Travaillez*; which is *Take Pains*; whereupon he was tranſported with ſuch an Extacy of Joy, as if he had caught hold of his God by the Finger; tho, when all came to all, it was the *Devil by the Great Toe*. However, in the mean time, to work he falls, with Circulations, Sublimations, Conjunctions, and Fermentations,

Fermentations, till all his Brazen Headleſs Labour ended in Putrefaction, till Revenues and Reputation were both Dead and Rotten; whereas indeed his Grandad's Ghoſt gave him better Councel than he could Comprehend; *Take pains*; that is.

A Mattock *and a* Spade *will get thee Gold,*
Sooner than Chymiſtry, *a Thouſand fold.*

Cuckold-ſhire, March 17. Although our Soil is exceeding Fertile, and the Air ſo Pleaſant that ſome Perſons of good Quality have choſen this place for the ſcituation of their Country Manſions; Our People of both Sexes are generally diſtempered with a Malady incident to Horſes, termed by Farriers the *Yellows* and *Staggers*, which being diſcover'd by the true Symptoms, turns immediatly to the *Horn-Plague*, a Diſeaſe than which there is none more Infectious to Mortals. Here was lately apprehended a kind of ſuſpicious Fellow, ſuppoſed to carry about him *Love-powders*, Philters and certain *Amorous Charms*, found in the ſtudy of Doctor *Lamb*. Upon the ſearching of him they found about him a cunning Inſtrument, purpoſely contriv'd for the picking of *Italian Pad-locks*; whereupon he had like to have been ſentenced according to the Cuſtom of this Country, *viz.* to be ſtrongly bound to a Crab-tree, where he had ſometimes tranſgreſſed, with Apron-ſtrings and *Jeruſalem* Garters, and there to ſtand the brunt of every jealous and diſcontented Cornute in all the County; but throwing himſelf upon a Jury of Women before ſentence, he was incontinently acquited.

Cane-wood, March 18. The weather is here, and (I ſuppoſe) all *England* over, as ſuitable to the ſeaſon of the Year as Plum-broth at *Chriſtmas*; or a Sillabub in *May*. It Rains and Shines (as a young Widow Laughs and Cries) all in a Breath, ſo that the Spring comes on apace, and the Birds are as merry in the Woods as Lovers at a Junket, or Crickets in a Chimney corner. I could have told you as eaſily that *No ſooner had* Aurora *appeared in her dappled Mantle, but the winged Choriſters of the Ætherial Orb began to ſing a Requiem to their cares, and to chant it forth in a Melodious Rhapſody of Reverberated Joys, &c.* But not Covetous of being Laugh'd at by thoſe that have any wit, or admir'd by thoſe that have none; I only ſay bluntly, that the ſpring is finely coming on, inſomuch that within a little time we expect the company of Mr. *Cuckow*, that Tautological Gentleman, that (like the *Trump-Marine*) is always harping upon one ſtring.

Woods-Cloſe, March 19. This day our Teritories were mightily alarm'd with whole Sholes of Amphibious Creatures and Terrene Vermin, commonly dignified by the Name of *Mobility*, Aſſembl'd by the Summons of two Ingenious Maſters of Defence, a High Born Shentleman of *Wales*, and a Brawny *Dear-Joy*, both of the Noble Order of *Gladiators*, after a great deal of Pother, and ſome Bloody Noſes, betwixt the Sea and Land Forces, to thraſh 'em to't, they ſo Artificially made good their Title, *Maſters of Defence* (for to offend was not their deſign) that it's impoſſible to know who got the better, till the Mony's told, which I believe may quickly be done.

March 19. This Morning *a Theevingtonian*, that has been a Long Voyage in the Land of *Rapine*, arriv'd in the *Bay* of *Newgate*, fraught with Ten Tun of *Barbarity*, Fifteen of *Legerdemanery*, Nine Dickers of *Deceit*, and ſuch like Lading; from whence he is Bound to the Iſle of *Inquiſition*, and from thence to the Promontory of *Tripoli*; In conſideration that his continuance is but ſhort, all Perſons, that are weary of their Lives, may, at Reaſonable Rates, be Furniſh'd with his *Cargo*; and then, without doubt they'll not exceed the Age of *Mathuſalem*.

Wapping, March 19. A Notorious Lewd Fellow came to a certain Ale-houſe in theſe Parts, where is a very Airy Hoſteſs, whom he Suppos'd to be as bad as himſelf, and therefore fell to Immodeſt Handling of her; She, perceiving his drift, Chearfully ſaid, *Since you are diſpos'd to be Merry, if you pleaſe, Sir, Wee'll draw Lots whither you ſhall feell me or I feell you?* It was his Lot to *feell her*, whereupon ſhe immediately up with the Tonges, and broke his Pate in two or three Places, ſo that the Blood violently Guſh'd forth; She then ask'd him, *If he had felt her?* But he, not ſtaying to make a Reply, as haſtily flew out of doors as a Bankrupt purſu'd by a Dozen Serjeants; Howling like a Dog that had loſt his Tayl.

Divertiſements.

A *True Account of the ſtrange and ſuddain Death of the Lady* Lack-Wits Lap-Dog, *In which it's Plainly Prov'd, by many undeniable Circumſtances, that he was Poyſon'd with Eating of a butter'd Spong. Written by* John Pitiful-Caſe, *who had a great and uncommon kindneſs for the Defunct Puppy; Sold by* Peter Grievous, *at the Sign of the* Diſconſolate Lady *in* Great Lamentation-ſtreet.

A *Young Man that can't neither* Write, *nor* Read, *but will* Swear, Lie, Steal, *and be* Drunk *ſeven days in a Week; he has* Impudence *and* Ignorance *enough to ſet up a* Horſe-Mountebank, *would willingly accept of a good Place in this City, but 'tis thought, by all that know him, he is Scarcely fit to carry a Clapper after a* Duſt-Cart, *or be Clark to a* Brick-kiln.

THE *Devils Cabinet unlock'd: Or a Treatiſe containing practical Rules, How to unbolt a door on the outſide, how to tread without Noiſe, how to Angle in a lock'd Cheſt with a Twine Thread, how to Nim the Cole and never touch the Purſe, and a thouſand ſuch Secrets, Written by an Experienc'd Artiſt of the late Monkey* Davy's *Gang, are to be had at* Jack Ketch's *Chief Office in* Paddington, *or amongſt the diſſolute in* Newgate, &c. *Price a Pair of* Darbies.

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